

DiScORDE R

FREE!

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102

DECEMBER 1987

RELIGION



DIETRICH

THE *Venue* CABARET

DECEMBER

- Tues. 1 **AFRICAN TUESDAYS**
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- Wed./Thurs. 2/3 **RADIO EUROPE**
- Fri. 4 **SKABOOM**
- Sat. 5 **REGGAE SATURDAYS**
- Tues. 8 **AFRICAN TUESDAYS**
ASA & THE OGEDENGBE DRUMMERS
- Wed./Thurs. 9/10 **BIG MEDICINE**
- Fri. 11 **THE LAST CORVAIRS**
- Sat. 12 **REGGAE SATURDAYS**
with ONE RIDDIM
- Tues. 15 **AFRICAN TUESDAYS**
ASA & THE OGEDENGBE DRUMMERS
- Wed./Thurs. 16/17 **THE KYLE STEIN BAND**
and SPECIAL GUESTS
- Fri./Sat. 18/19 **D.O.A. COMES HOME**
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ASA & THE OGEDENGBE DRUMMERS
- Wed. 23 **T.B.A.**
- Thurs./Fri. 24/25 **closed - MERRY CHRISTMAS**
- Sat. 26 **REGGAE SATURDAYS**
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DISCORDER

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IN THIS ISSUE

- GOD IS AN OVERWHELMING RESPONSIBILITY
Hell is other people
- NOT R1ST ANOTHER GUY IN A FUNNY HAT
The Pope Rocks
- DEAR SIR
Condemned to Hell
- THE COOL WHITE LIGHT
Chestnuts, door frames and mechanical rodents
- NIGHTMARE
They're polite
- WHO IS THE "ULTRA GOD"?
The most important contest ever
- THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS
Let "Bob" show you the way
- RANT! RANT! RANT!
The Sons of Freedom

6
8
9
11
12
12
16
14

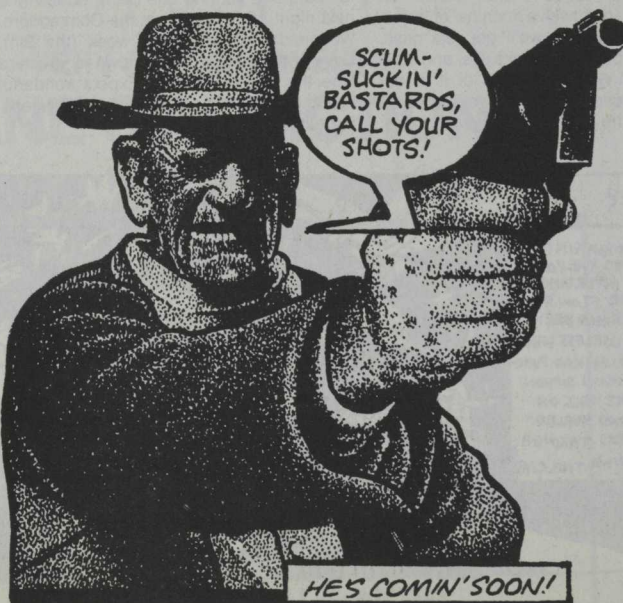
IN MOST ISSUES

- AIRHEAD
readers who write
- IT'S TRUE
and it's happening
- DIS-CHORD
they call it music
- LOCAL MOTION
in a city near you
- ON THE DIAL
everyperson's guide to
- SPIN LIST
platters that matter
- HINDSIGHT
a good place to finish

4
4
20
19
26
24
29

IN
THIS

ISSUE



Discorder Magazine, c/o CITR - UBC Radio
6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. Canada
V6T 2A5 ☎(604) 228-3017

Discorder is That Magazine from CITR Radio 102 and is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia, although it winds up being printed deep from within Surrey, Canada.

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Inquiries about CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.

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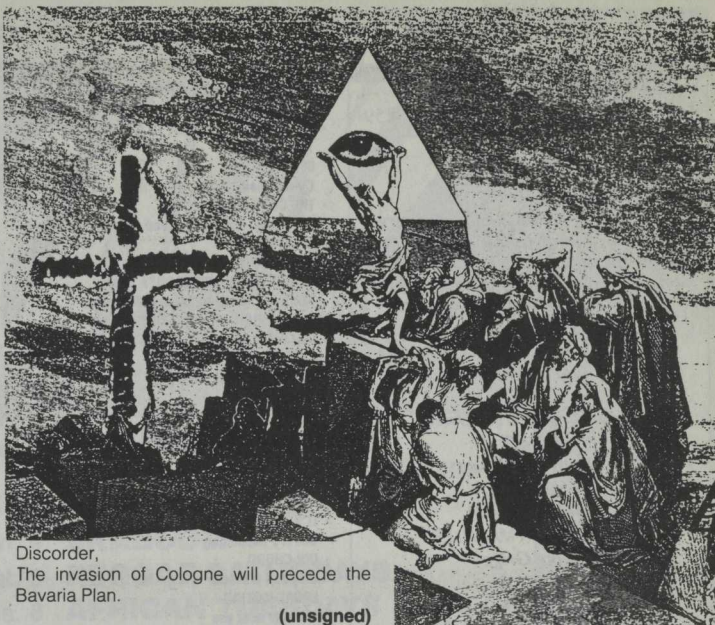
Discorder,

I'd appreciate it tremendously if you would be so kind as to print the following in AIRHEAD. Thank you! I am an Albertan. I am a female Albertan. I am a female Albertan who is moving to Vancouver a year from now and desires companionship. I listen to music continuously; anything from '60s psychedelic to '80s underground. I'd really, really like to write someone in Vancouver.

My name and address: Bobbi Walls, Box 1808, Stettler, Alberta, T0C 2L0. Please write soon.



'TIS THE SEASON TO SPEND MONEY (OR so they say), and what better way than on a *Discorder* subscription (for somebody else, of course, someone you love, someone you hate, someone you don't even know). Not only will they get twelve months of mind-breaking reading, but we'll get real cash. Yes, we do know what it looks like, and what to do with it. We have loads of it in our dreams. Subscriptions are \$12 for anywhere in Canada or the USA, \$18 everywhere else.



Discorder,
The invasion of Cologne will precede the Bavaria Plan.

(unsigned)

If you're interested, please contact Randy Iwata, *Discorder's* Business Manager, at CITR (228-3017). It's that easy!

Meanwhile, there's concert action. Not a lot, but here at the edge of the world, who can afford to go out every night anyway? First up, **The Pogues**, pissed-off rogue-folk from Ireland, with dental work by whoever built the Coquihalla Highway (get it?). At presstime, it looks like their first show (Monday, December 7th) is a sell-out, so there are strong rumours of a second one being added (the next night). Both shows at the Commodore. Wednesday of the same week (the 9th), **Love and Rockets** roll into town for the third time, this time at 86 Street. Expect wonderful melodies and expanded consciousness. Expect a lot of moustaches.

Finally, a bit of ugly grovelling. Yes! we do want your correspondence. Is everybody too depressed? Too fulfilled? Are the CSIS onto us? How come so few letters to *Airhead*? This is an open forum, folks. Don't libel anybody. Don't be boring. Swear only in context. Please. For the children.

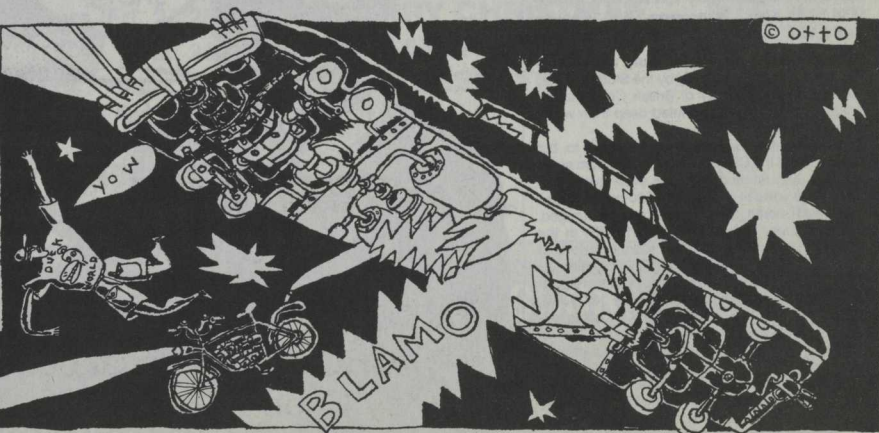
Discorder,

The "Summer of Love" happened in San Francisco in 1967. Most of you weren't even born yet and thank God the short-lived media-induced hippy nostalgia trip has died (except in San Francisco). As the eminent cartoonist Filbrandt points out, the only thing you have to look forward to is a '70s nostalgia revival. You will soon be dancing like John Travolta and wearing platform shoes.

Travis B.

CHAPTER 13

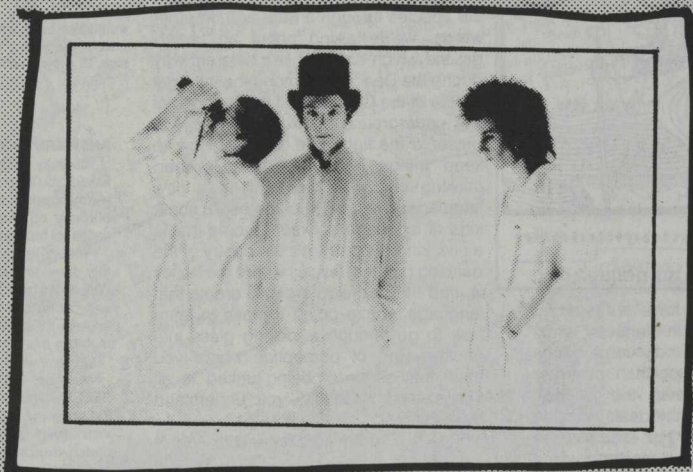
WITHOUT THINKING I UNCLIPPED THE POWER CELL TO MY INTERDIMENSIONAL TIME FLOW NULLIFIER, WHICH HAD BEEN RENDERED USELESS WHEN A STRAY BULLET HAD PUNCTURED THE MAIN SIPHON LINE, SET THE CELL ON OVERLOAD, AND HURLED IT BACKHAND THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE CAR.



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What we have is hierarchy. Implicit in hierarchy is exclusion; how some things are better than others—better than the OTHER. Christianity deals with the

OTHER by demonizing it. For example: the word witch is derived from the term *wicca* which is a form of white witchcraft or nature worship.

Approximately nine million women were murdered as witches during the Middle Ages.

While the language of Christianity is black and white, it is mostly hypotactic. What we have is subordination. Some people are more holy, more chosen than others. This is why a minority can control a majority. Under the guise of "the white man's burden" the continents of North and South America were effectively depopulated of native peoples.

Since god is increasingly problematic, and it is now illegal to beat people into submission, there is a reluctance on the part of mainstream religion to aggressively convert people, except in the third world. Organized religion has precious little to offer the affluent modern day consumer except prodigious smugness.

Don't be smug! Discover trees and mountains and rivers and oceans! Create something new and organic; something authentically you! And if you're willing to pay someone to tell you what you really think, remember: there's always BOB. He hasn't got a plan, but He knows how to play the game.

Julia

"And it's their feeling that there have to be centres now where people can come and reconstruct a new future for the world. Actually, these centres are growing up everywhere now, and what they're trying to do, which is what Findhorn was trying to do, and in a way, what I was trying to do—now these things can't be given names—but in a way, these are all attempts at creating a new kind of school, a new kind of monastery. Preserves, islands of safety, where history can be remembered and the human being can continue to function, in order to maintain the species through a dark age. In other words, we're talking about an underground which did exist in a different way during the Dark Ages among the mystical orders of the Church, and the purpose of this underground is to find out how to preserve the light. Life. Culture. How to keep things living. You see, I keep thinking that what we need is a new language, a language of the heart, some kind of language between people that is a new kind of poetry. It's the poetry of the dancing bee that tells us where the honey is, and I think that in order to create that language, you're going to have to learn how to go through a looking glass into another kind of perception where you have that sense of being united to all things, and suddenly, you understand everything."

(from *My Dinner with André*)

Spiritual bliss? Universal love? Is it possible through religion? We need only to turn to our most basic human natures, insists Schopenhauer, to find our true outlook on such matters: a sense of fulfillment in a lifelong pleasure: "hatred is by far the longest pleasure. Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure." Does hatred fill a spiritual vacuum when all hope is lost? Is universal hate the plight of modern man without a religion, or are we simply developing a higher esthetic? Who knows? Schopenhauer thought he had all the answers, but few people know that he was defeated by the most horrible evil . . . his dog. If religion doesn't keep mankind from going insane, then what's the point in it? The same goes for Schopenhauer.

"Hell is other people."

Let us consider a piece of cheese. We say that this has certain qualities, shape, structure, color, solidity, weight, taste, smell, consistency and the rest; but investigation has shown that this is all illusory. Where are these qualities? Not in the cheese, for different observers give quite different accounts of it. Not in ourselves, for we do not perceive them in the absence of the cheese . . .

What then are these qualities of which we are so sure? They would not exist without our brains; they would not exist without the cheese. They are the results of the union, that is of the Yoga, of the seer and seen, of subject and object . . .

ANSWERS? YOU WANT ANSWERS?

You may wish—To God?—that you'd never asked. You'll get your answers, all right. Dobbsian Hermeticism all-too-fully explains Man's place and purpose on this Earth Plane, this hierarchy of universal cruelties.

Perhaps the least answerable question in history, here answered, is "WHY ARE WE HERE?" Why do we have such a huge capacity for pleasure and confusion? Just so we'll keep breeding fast enough for some mindless long-range perpetual mutation machine?

(If only it were so! If only it were that simple!)

What set everything going in the first place BEFORE THE BIG BANG? This question terrifies the water out of us if we really grasp it. We almost instinctively grab for some pose, some 'cause', crutch, drug or religion—or even another person—that will let us ignore this hideous mystery, that will create alibis for our failure to find a purpose in life. The concept of Infinity is so hard to 'get' viscerally that when we look up at the night sky, we tend to actually think of the stars merely as randomly separated, inexplicably backlit holes puched in some huge backdrop about a mile away from us.

Yet every now and then we can actually get a 'feel' for the distances and times involved . . . and glimpsing that fact of eternity becomes REAL SCARY if you truly do get a solid grip on that insolidity. **THAT ABJECT NOTHINGNESS OF GOD'S BRAIN.** What scares you is that you might be 'God' and you might wake up, and all those fragile physical laws might come crashing down; the spiderweb framework of all reality, even your friend's thoughts, might be erased like some precious but stupidly unlabeled cassette tape—never to be recaptured again.

The idea is so scary that the goal of most religions is to preserve and elaborate on that concept of the stars as a big painted backdrop. They make Infinity a 'prop' so you don't have to think about the scary part.

THIS RELIGION IS ABOUT THE SCARY PART.



every conceivable sexual perversity
 chthonic and with demons, and
 filthy, 'low', 'unnatural', ap-
 propriate descriptions of their behavior.
 Crowley, a notorious modern
 n. performed perverse rituals
 with male partners, and too
 interest in human excrement.
 t and cannibalism are commo-
 ed with black magic, and so
 ar relationships with anima-
 an witches were said to keep famili-
 in animal form which served the
 like Jane Birkin.

Have you ever had what is called a religious or mystical experience?"
 "No," Danny said, embarrassed.
 "Good. Then your religion is just a matter of believ-
 ing what you have been told and not of a personal
 emotional experience. All such experiences come from
 the loigior, to enslave us. Revelations, visions, trances,
 miracles, all of it is a trap. Ordinary, normal people in-
 stinctively avoid such aberrations. Unfortunately, due
 to their gullibility and a concerted effort to brainwash
 them, they are willing to follow the witches and
 wizards and shamans who traffic in these matters. You
 see, and I urge you to take another drink right now,
 every religious leader in human history has been a
 member of the Cult of the Yellow Sign and all their ef-
 forts are devoted to hoaxing, deluding and enslaving
 the rest of us."
 Danny finished his glass and asked meekly, "May I
 have more?"

You know me. I hang out a lot at Bino's.
 I'm the guy in the jacket with the flurly
 rips in the shoulders. I look like a
 moulting soothsayer, but I'm actually Jesus,
 sent down here to clear up this mess.
 Yep, that's right, in a matter of weeks
 the earth will be re-made. First though,
 I gotta get myself a cup of coffee. Then
 I'll straighten things out.

I wasn't the original Jesus, Joe, the one they crucified. But—this happened a few centuries after I experienced transcen-
 dental illumination at Melos—I was passing through
 Judea in the persona of a Greek merchant when they
 crucified Jesus. I met some of his followers the day he
 died, and I talked with them. If you think Christianity
 is a bloody religion as it is, this is nothing to what it
 would have been if Jesus hadn't seemed to come back.
 If the seventeen original apostles—five of them have
 been purged from the records—had been left on their
 own, they would have passed from horror and terror at
 Jesus's death to vindictive fury. It would have been as
 if Islam had come seven centuries earlier. Instead of
 slowly taking over the Roman Empire and preserving
 much of the Greco-Roman world intact, it would have
 swept and mobilized the East, destroyed most of
 Western civilization and replaced it with a theocracy
 more oppressive than Pharaonic Egypt. I stopped that
 with a few magic tricks. Appearing in the persona of
 the resurrected Jesus, I taught there was no need for
 hatred and vengeance after my death. I even tried to
 get them to realize that life is a game by teaching them
 Bingo. To this day, nobody understands and critics call
 it part of the commercialism of the Church. The sacred
 Tarot wheel, the moving Mandala! So despite my influ-
 ence, Christianity focused obsessively on the crucifixion
 of Jesus—which is really irrelevant to what he
 taught while he was alive—and remained a kind of
 death worship. When Paul went to Athens and made
 the link-up with the Illuminati, who were using Plato's
 Academy as a front, the ideology of Plato combined
 with the mythology of Christ to deliver the knockout
 blow to pagan humanism and lay the foundations for
 the modern world of superstates. After that, I changed
 my appearance again and took the name of Simon
 Magus and had some success spreading ideas contra-
 dictory to Christianity."

(Mysterious message)

If your heart is right, I will keep you;
 and if you will look constantly to Me, I
 will uphold you. The minister of righteous-
 ness shall be in this house; his life
 shall agree with the word and his lips
 shall give forth that which is wholly
 true, and it will be no mixture. When
 the mixture appears, then you will
 know he is not a minister of righteous-
 ness. The deceivers speak first the
 truth and then error, to cover their sins
 which they love. Therefore, I exhort
 and command you to study the scrip-
 tures relative to seducing spirits, for
 this is one of the great dangers of
 these last days.

(anonymous, found on the
 ground somewhere in
 Mount Pleasant)

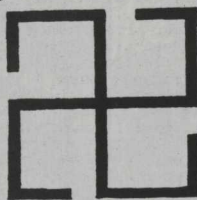


FIG. 22. THE SWAS-
 TIKA EMBLEM OF
 GOOD FORTUNE

GOD IS AN OVERWHELMING RESPONSIBILITY

ENTERTAINMENT

Not Just Another Guy in a Funny Hat

By Philip Random

Forget the Jacksons. Forget Bruce Springsteen. Ditto U2, the Clash, Laurie Anderson, The Police and every other concert tour you've seen or are likely to see in 1984. The show of the year happened the other night in BC Place Stadium. It was a night of power and of passion, drama and music, colour and pure heartwarming splendor. Tuesday night, September 18, 1984, the Pope came to Vancouver.

I must say I was apprehensive on entering the stadium. The only other concert I'd seen there was David Bowie's the year before, and say what you want for the man's poise and showmanship, he was simply no match for the building's cavernous immensity. Sure there were moments when Mr. Bowie overcame the odds and truly did shine, but these were only moments. For the most part, he was but a colourful, costumed speck, a bug with a big voice, a chameleon too distant to be moving. So, understandably, I was worried Tuesday night. Would BC Place Stadium deal the same cruel blow to John Paul II, the Pope from Poland, the man widely re-nowned as God's best friend?

Opening act Twisted Sister did little to assuage my fears. A glam-oriented heavy metal act cut from the Alice Cooper mold, they put on, at best, a sufferable show. Spirited and loud, they nevertheless proved incapable of achieving that indefinable immediacy which makes for classic rock'n

roll. Even their big hit *We're Not Gonna Take It* came across as somewhat hollow, somewhat muddy.

Next, of course, came the Main Event. Following a half hour intermission, the houselights suddenly dimmed, then cut to black altogether. Candles and marijuanas diffused through the building. Then, one by one, the Pope's band assumed their positions on the revolving, circular stage which was set strategically in the middle of the stadium floor. Two drummers, two percussionists, a three piece horn section, two multi-keyboardists, a bassist, two guitarists and a trimmed down dozen voice boys' choir - all twenty-three dressed in identical purple leather gowns which cut a stark contrast against the brilliant gold stage. They started quietly, an ethereal jam barely audible above the roar of the crowd, but slowly increased in volume. With a stunning flash of orange light, they shifted into a rocked up rendition of the Hallelujah Chorus which built and built until it had reached such an intense climax that only one thing could follow: the arrival of the Pontiff himself.

A dozen flashpots ripped forth from the circumference of the stage and suddenly there he was, John Paul II, splendid and untouchable in his rhine-stoned, virgin white leather robes. He held a proud fist high over his head. The crowd responded in kind, and then he burst quickly into the

punkish anthem *No More Abortions*.

And this was just the beginning. To cover the whole concert in depth would take a book. Suffice it to say, it only got better. For, almost three hours, all the papal hits received virtuoso renditions: *Working for the Vatican*, *Jesus was an Anarchist!* I Confess, a stunning cover version of Frank Zappa's *Catholic Girls* and many many more. The band was, in a word, perfect. The Pope was even better. His voice covered every register, touched every note high or low, and his stage antics were nothing short of spectacular: everything from turning a series of cartwheels at the conclusion of *I Got the Glory* to balancing a thirty foot high silver crucifix from the bridge of his nose during the instrumental break in the middle of *God's Blues*. The best was saved for last however when, amid the laser light and chemical smoke splendor of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, the Pontiff burst suddenly from the center of the stage and delivered his vocals while flying about the stadium with a jet-pack strapped to his back.

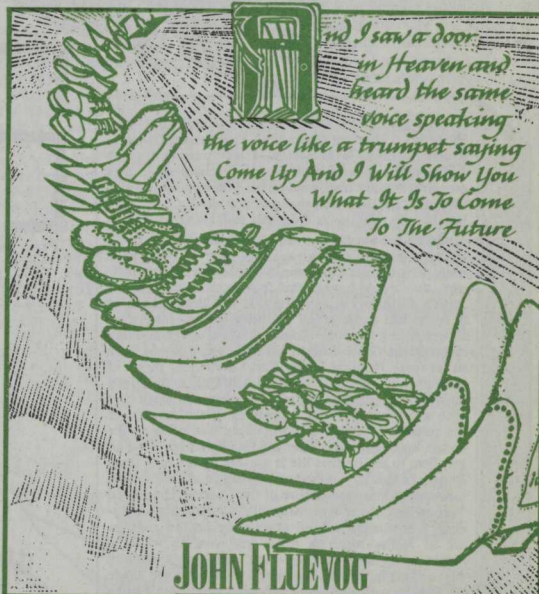
There were no encores per se. John Paul did return to the stage but only to lead the crowd in an a cappella recital of *The Ten Commandments*, and a special, extended version of the *Lord's Prayer*. The houselights flooded back on. The Pope took his bows and the evening was complete. An evening to remember, to cherish fondly, to give thanks for.

do **YOU** have
the
RIGHT STUFF



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and I saw a door
in Heaven and
heard the same
voice speaking
the voice like a trumpet saying
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Dear Sir:

You have accused gay lobbyists and activists of purposely infecting the heterosexual population of North America with AIDS in order to draw away attention from themselves as the major carriers of the disease, when in fact the countries where the disease originated see it as a predominantly heterosexual disease to begin with.

You have taken the disease AIDS and portrayed it as a divine punishment and postulated its origins in bestiality when the truth indicates that many, many God-fearing, innocent, monogamous or even celibate (to say nothing of mentally retarded or newborn) have contracted the disease through contaminated blood transfusions or inherited it through birth. Their memory is debased by your irresponsible, sensationalist and alarmist inaccuracies and misinformation.

The Bible tells us all the events to which you refer will indeed happen. They WILL happen with or without your malicious, ignorant and evident capitalization on the misery of Christian and non-Christian alike. How much money do you anticipate making on this mockery of modern medicine and Christianity? How much more will it take to make you join the Bakkers and other cretins who have made millions by taking the name of God in vain? You can apparently be bought - so what's the price?

God's justice is not always of this world; but occasionally it is. My fondest wish is that you reap what you have sown before you stand ashamed and frightened before the gates of Heaven. You are an evil, manipulative, devious, self-righteous fearmonger.

Any universal disaster has its parasites who use fear and ignorance to gain personal profit. The AIDS epidemic is no different. Satan, no doubt is applauding your ingenuity in jumping on this latest disaster bandwagon by distorting and confusing Biblical truth and medical fact to the point where people who have accepted Christ and/or medical professionals alike, are disgusted almost beyond words. God knows what you are doing and He will punish you suitably. The medical advice you have provided is largely over-reactive and dangerously antisocial. You are sick and because you have done such incredible damage to the efforts of medicine to fight both the disease and the irrational fear associated with it and done it in God's name, He will surely turn His back on you before He is finished with this world... and I am glad. Your memory will be cursed forever.

Larry Thiessen

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THE SURF HIPPIES**
- 13 ART OPENING —
JOE MENABNEY**
- 18/19 WITCHES HAMMER
with guests from Victoria
MISSION OF CHRIST**
- 20 All Ages Gig: AMELIA EARHART'S
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ight

Spiritual, eh? Well, I was kind of lying. I drifted into this.

John Ruskin

Will you... I was... does she think that... bitter.

puberty? I'm going through, could it be... ad kicks. Oh well, it's probably c... me the white light may... than a repre... inner than repr... each...

A big delivery door and swarming
at my sleeping into tree and pushing
out the window apple kept higher-
I climbed the and someone higher-
on the swing, and higher that the swing
me until I got high that the swing
Then I was so high that the swing

talk in the room

of a sudden, I heard someone
to me. But no one was
original. Oh, well, I remember this
kind of thing in bed. My mind glosses
into like a jello state. All

John Ruskin

John R. ...
... through, could it be
... provide only
... going
... the white light has
... may see
... a door
... other than a door
... be represent
... touch
... on
... phase
... good kicks. Oh well, it's probably only
... puberty? I'm going

Milk round
 oboe bored. I was in
 into the thick in
 alter. -- Alex

closed, rose open in bliss, the salute of loyal sounds. Oh, it was gorgeousness and gorgeousity made clean. The trombones crunched redged under my bed, and behind my guttural the trumpets three-wise allitterated, and there by the door the timps rolling like candy thunder. Oh it was wonderful and there by my guts and out again crunched like candy thunder. And then, a bird of like great spout heavenward, or the other strings of wonders. Gravely all nonsense now, came the and those strings were like a cage of tinny birds. When I like platinum, I was in such bliss my trombone, the I was -- Alex

Oh, bliss, bliss and heaven. I lay
my rookers on the pillow, my quill over on
the pillow, glassies

Just prior to a "Bob" appearance, you can expect a low-level hum, like bees, accompanied by a pungent odour and stifling heat. Your extremities will start tingling and then go numb, and you will suddenly feel "high" as if drugged. As the *Grin* and *Pipe* materialize, your watch will stop, but any wounds or diseases will be healed. If you are carrying a tape deck, the tape will be erased but the batteries will be recharged. As "Bob" comes into full being, you may risk being driven mad by exposure to the "dots" and to the *Pstench* of "Bob": psychopantomagorical sight/sound/odour which seemingly fills the seven continents and twenty seas. *His aura, his energy colour, glows white hot with the blackness of the Rift between Earth, Water, Fire and Air.*

I sat at the edge of a lake that was covered in moss. There were people underneath it holding it up.

A very large mechanical
carried out of the bush and

sat staring at me. I knew it was a religious experience. It was trying to

couldn't understand it.

NOW—
WHICH
WILL
IT BE?

saliva, earwax
urges quite
obsessions
pod dose
ght is a
Stars
white
it

NIGHTMARE

They dress in cheap off-the-rack clothes and wear dull indoctrinated frowns. They can be found standing mannequin-like on street corners or travelling in pairs through unsuspecting neighborhoods. They are irritating, annoying, and worst of all, polite. They are called ~~white-collar~~ **white-collar** ~~professionals~~ **professionals**, and they persist on coming to your door. So, how do you discourage them? Well, depending on your personality you may want to try one of the following suggestions.

A. The Very Polite Person

- Ask them to come back later. Then refuse to answer the door.
- Tell them you have to go give blood.

B. The Not So Polite Person

- Yell obscenities and slam the door.
- Douse them with cat's litter box.

C. The Sick Perverted Person

- Invite them in and seat them. Then momentarily excuse yourself. Return naked, fondling your crotch, screaming Satan! Satan!
- Graphically describe bizarre sexual practices.

D. The Paranoid Multiple Murderer Person

- Mistake them for bolshevik infiltrators, and open fire. Then proceed to the nearest [REDACTED] Church (or fast food restaurant) kill everyone and then shoot yourself.
- Run amok with a chainsaw in a [REDACTED] power publishing house.

E. The Pagan Cannibal Person

- Use them for victims as you perform a ritual sacrifice. Offer their bodily fluids to your favorite idol.
- Bake in a shallow covered pan at 350 for five hours. Uncover, add vegetables and bake an additional five hours, basting occasionally.

Jerome Broadway



WHO IS THE ultra GOD'?

Discorder is seeking the answer to perhaps the most important question of our time. Who will bring on a NEW AGE of TOTAL CONVENIENCE? Who is the Ultra-God? This is not a joke. This is Democracy. Disorder has narrowed all humanity to twenty-five possible choices. The rest is up to you.

1. Alan Alda
2. Bono
3. Ed Broadbent
4. Cher
5. Dick Clark
6. Bob Dobbs
7. Clint Eastwood
8. Jane Fonda
9. Michael J. Fox
10. Mikhael Gorbachev
11. Charlton Heston
12. Bob Hope
13. _____
14. Jesse Jackson
15. David Letterman
16. Wink Martindale
17. James Michener
18. Eddie Murphy
19. The Pope
20. Johnny Rotten
21. Carl Sagan
22. Steven Spielberg
23. Henry Tyler Moore
24. Yourself
25. The people who co



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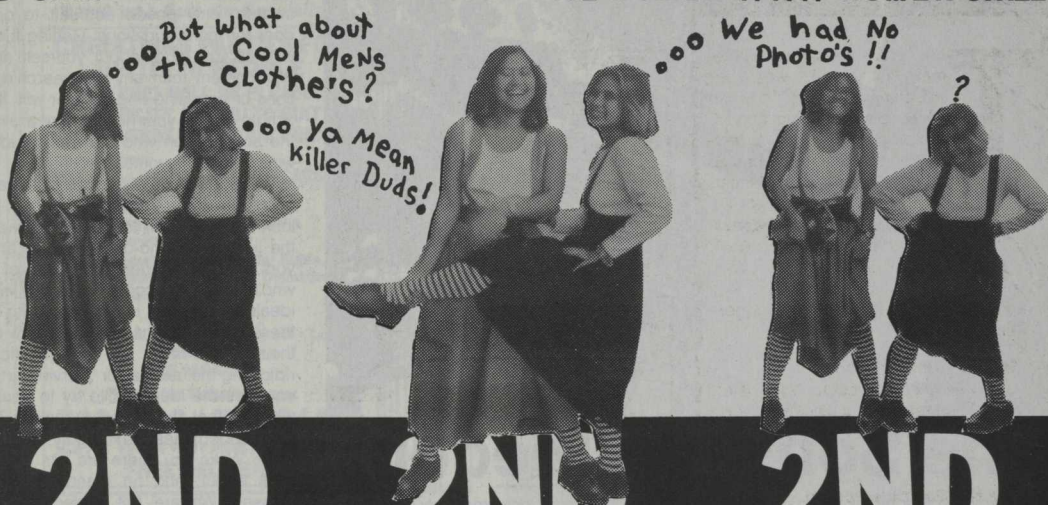
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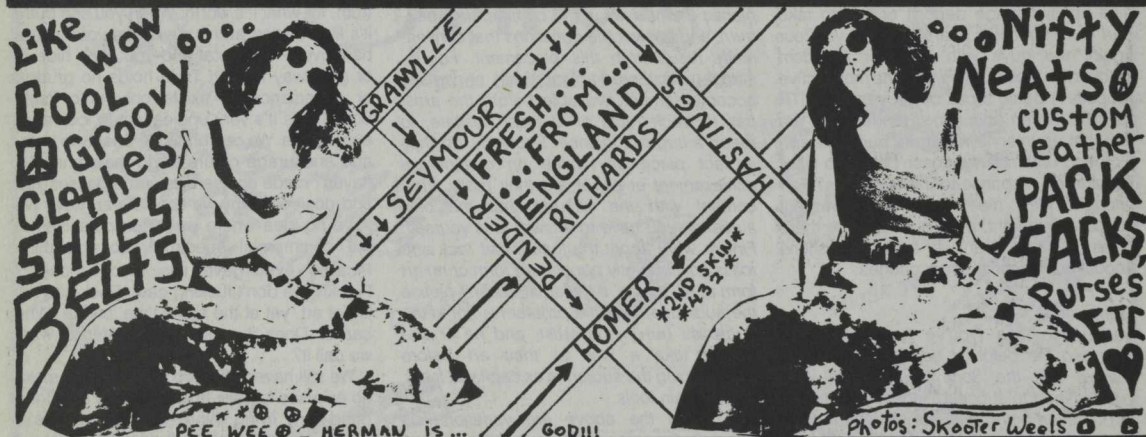
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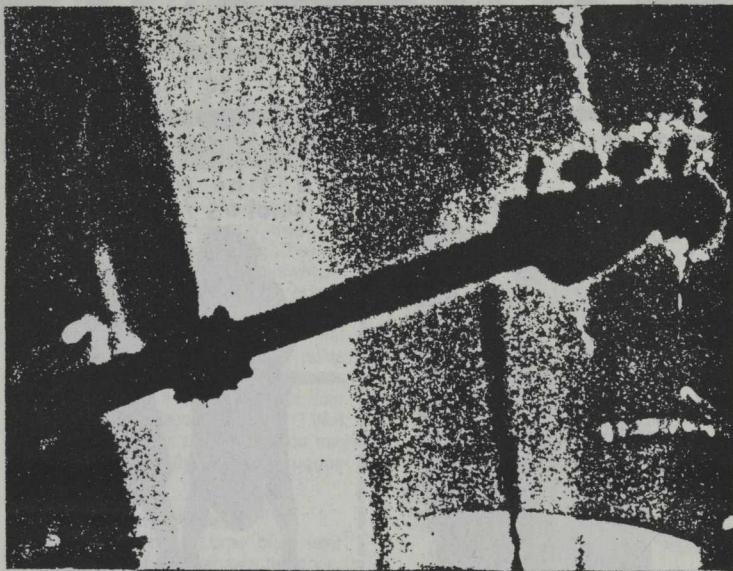
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Rant! Rant! Rant!



The Sons of Freedom

Imagine someone taking so much interest in what you have to say that they actually stick a microphone in your face and publish the results in a magazine!!! Hard to believe, but it's called an interview. Now who among us wouldn't give up a damage deposit or two to take part in one of these charades? Oh, you four again, the guys with Sons of Freedom tattooed on their knuckles, and the most active (popular?) demo tapes of the year on CITR (*Blind Children* and *Alice Henderson*). You feel that an interview, with its built-in suspicion and unfamiliarity, doesn't breed a witty, considered response to the questions? Fair enough. We'll meet on the Endowment Lands at midnight, pens a-poised. Be there or be prepared to answer a lot of questions about your favourite string gauges.

Gentlemen:

Various sources (you've heard of them) informed me before I began work on this feature that the Sons of Freedom were "determined to succeed", the implication or imprecation being that this statement could be finished with the phrase "...at all costs." Having what you could call a calculated appearance schedule tends to support this. This is perfectly jake with me. However, I'm curious, and I'd like to exorcise this curiosity with the article.

Keeping in mind the band's commercial strengths (an affinity for the infectious phrase, a distinctive sound, an apparent belief in what they're doing) and weaknesses (no-

body' round there looks remotely like George Michael, and they're not exactly the bubbliest collection of chaps), it's obvious they are not going to compete at the same level as Lisa and the Cult Jam. Hate to break the news. So, I'd like to know where the group places themselves in the commercial spectrum, and answer the questions that conveniently result from this placement. For instance, is there a set limit of artistic accomplishment available before the artist has to back-track, or at least hesitate, to reach a larger audience. Secondly, do they in fact place any value on commercial achievement at all, or are they really, truly, content with the attitude that the only audience you have to answer to is yourself. Finally, what about the theory that rock and roll is an inherently popular art form or no art form at all; that is, if the artist doesn't please the audience, then the problem is not in the audience but in the artist, and he or she should take a look at their art before condemning the audience as capitalist fools. Or just plain fools.

I realize the above are variations on basically the same question, but it's an issue that has bothered writers, painters, film directors (?) since The Iliad, and I think Sons of Freedom are at the right stage of their development to address it. If they feel more comfortable with a written reply, that's fine - perhaps better. We await with baited hook. Write back soon!

Almost yours

Mike Dezell

Discorder,

The Sons of Freedom will fuck you up bad. Fuck with your dreams and fuck with your head. It's about sex and balls and death. No questions no answers. The future is in your head, what you've got to do is find it. Questions are never meant to be answered, only posed and left to open the door for more questions. Getting fucked up will tell you more about yourself and your environment than any self-searching questions or accusing fingers ever will. It's quite simple - follow your nose. There are no fools, the only person who can really judge who wins or loses is yourself.

The Sons of Freedom will succeed at all costs, but under our own terms only. We may look like failures in ten years, but we will be the judges and no-one else. We are survivors, and try to speak on behalf of anyone who's trying to come to terms with their ideals. This planet is big enough to support the ideals of anyone, no matter how extreme those ideals might be. By romanticising or ridiculing the 'radical' or 'starving artist', one enforces the idea that to try to change the way you feel, think, work is foolish. This is a lie. It undermines the integrity of the human spirit. Wake up. There are lots of things to think about, and no reason to follow the masses. We are not perfect, nor do we pretend to be. We believe in ourselves and in humanity and we feel it is better to celebrate defeat than to be too afraid to fight at all. Sometimes truth hurts; sometimes so bad you'd rather hear a lie. We believe in truth, for what it's worth. When you see truth, it's like looking at the sun when you have a hangover - it's brutal and you can't hide it, or get away from it. Truth holds no grudge or conscience. It exists only unto itself. Sometimes it's very unpleasant to look at or experience. We celebrate the beauty in truth, and encourage others to do the same. We haven't made any serious compromises yet, and don't see why we should start now. We have no idea where we place ourselves in the commercial spectrum. So you think Picasso ever gave this much thought? Frankly, we don't fucking care. Rock and roll is not art, yet at the same time it is art. Who cares? Does it make any difference what we call it?

We still haven't figured it all out, and make no excuses for this. It takes a long time for a band (any living thing) to grow up. We're barely a year old. We will deal with what we have to deal with, when we have to deal with it and time will tell whether or not we handle it well. We have high hopes and ideals, and a good lawyer. Naïveté is a joke in this band. We are proud to be jaded. We refuse to be ripped off and refuse to shit on anyone else. Integrity is God. Rant rant rant. Don't expect a miracle, expect a revolution.

1987 Sons Of Freedom



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REPENT! Quit Your JOB! ¡SLACK OFF!

THE SUBGENIUS:

Patriot or Alien? Personal Saviour or False Prophet? Nurd or Hero?

Inspired Madman or Complete Jackass?

IF you suspect that things are much worse than you ever suspected—

IF the only thing you've been able to laugh at for the last ten years is the fact that NOTHING is funny anymore—

IF you sometimes want to collar people on the street and scream that you're more "different" than they could possibly imagine—

IF you can help us with a donation—

IF you see the whole universe as one vast morbid sense of sick humour—

IF the current 'Age of Progress' seems more like the Dark Ages to you—

IF you are looking for an inherently contradictory religion that will condone megadegeneracy and yet tell you that you are "above" everyone else—

THEN THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS COULD SAVE YOUR SANITY!

INSTANT ANSWERS TO EVERYTHING!

THIS IT IT! THE ONLY FAITH THAT PROMISES ACTION, THRILLS, SUCCESS IN SEX AND BUSINESS!

"JUST EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS?"

That question is asked a thousand times a day, every day, somewhere. And it's a good thing, because that's the most pertinent question to ask in this modern age. There is no description. Words do not suffice.

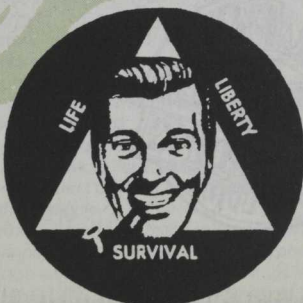
One must "SEE".

We let you see a little at a time until you are led gradually to TOTAL CLARITY. It is The Nameless Mission. The true mission is always nameless. To name it is to doom it... to alert the enemy.

THE SUBGENIUS MUST HAVE SLACK!!!

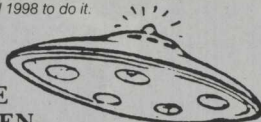
But as the million-legged church crawls around inside your cranium, there is one point it keeps returning to. It is the very point of the Church. **THE POINT IS "Bob"**. "Bob" is and was and shall ever be. "Bob" is you. "Bob" is me. "Bob" is the Kama Sutra, the Id, the light that glows in the heart and mind of EVERY free-thinking SubGenius. And "Bob" is a man.

It's "Bob". It always comes down to that. Because "BOB" IS SLACK!



"IS THIS SOME KIND OF TWISTED JOKE?"

Well, if you thought this Church was a joke, then you'll by God never 'get' the punchline. Oh, we're the first to admit that we deliver far more laughs and yuks per dollar than Scientology, the Unification Church, or any other religious group, except possibly the Southern Baptists. But they are for Braindeath. We are against Braindeath. No, this is NO JOKE. NO PARODY. Only the foulness of your programming keeps you from believing we have millions of members, nationwide revivals, radio shows and so on. But we do. Not only are we not kidding, but we'll even PISS YOU OFF. Indeed, that's our job, our calling, OUR MISSION. We're going to shock the hell out of every man, woman and child on this planet. It's a big job, and we only have until 1998 to do it.



**ARE
ALIEN
SPACE MONSTERS
BRINGING A
STARTLING
NEW WORLD?**



UNSPEAKABLE!

Sensationalism is just the lure we use in order to communicate in all sobriety certain awful histories and a secret fate for the Earth so unspeakable that it may take several books to prepare you just to read it. Because if you are reading this in the late 20th Century, EVERYTHING YOU KNOW REALLY IS WRONG. You are an uncivilized, ignorant, BARBARIC peasant that will be looked back upon by future generations with every bit as much pity as you regard the plague-ridden wretches of Medieval Europe. Your 'civilization' got off so heavily on the wrong foot, is so far off the track, and will keep going so far from where it is 'meant' to be, that YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SLACK IS.



**BEWARE THE
PINK BOYS**



THE PLAIN TRUTH!

Look around you and face it. It's been obvious for along time. The world is composed mostly of assholes. All kinds of ignorant, dangerous, thoughtless louts are in positions of power, respect and influence, while some of the bravest, most capable and deserving people you know are forced to waste their talents slugging it out in a thankless cycle of brainbreaking labour and mental paralysis. Checks and balances? What a joke! There are none. To think the system will improve by itself is a PIPE DREAM.

FACE FACTS! WISE UP! SNAP OUT OF IT!

You're fooling yourself if you think this society, this Western Civilization tinkertoy cage of overpopulation is going to last another forty years. **THEY'VE DONE THINGS TO THE ATMOSPHERE, THE OCEANS, AND THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT.** Notice the funny weather lately?

**ARE WE CONTROLLED
BY SECRET FORCES?**

Do you ever get the feeling
that "free will" is a joke?

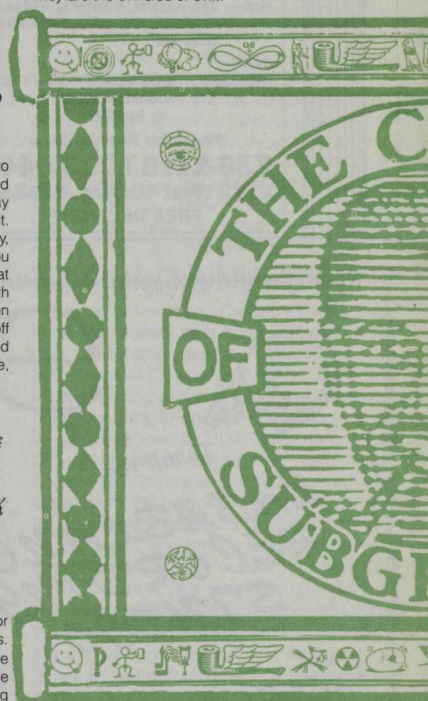
"BOB" IS EVIL!

To our primitive forefathers, the force of evil was not something against God, but a necessary primal force of Nature—the black, dreadful survival-of-the-fittest part of existence that goes beyond the platitudes of the Love Gods of simpletons and makes life VITAL instead of dead and unchanging. The "evil" of competition creates mutation and upward evolution.

THE POSSIBILITY OF DEATH MAKES A YOU GET OFF YOUR ASS.

We should fear the gods because if we don't, they'll stop letting us have fear and without fear we are also without choice, and without "goodness".

Yes, we must change our idea of evil, but we MUST NOT ELIMINATE IT, because that's what The Conspiracy and The Elder Gods most desire. If we can't recognize evil, we can't recognize them. And, friends, *They are the evil side of evil.*



Things will get a lot worse before they get better, and any person, place or thing that tries to tell you otherwise, whether on TV, radio, OR AS A VOICE IN YOUR HEAD, is part and parcel of The Conspiracy, the Conspiracy-Around-A-Conspiracy, and the megaconspiracies that spiral well beyond this planet in nets of covert manipulation. YEAH, the TV news leaves out a few facts here and there.

THE SUBGENIUS

and YOU MAY DIE!

WHAT IS THIS CONSPIRACY?

The Conspiracy formed the background of your entire life. It is inner conflict. It is your inferiority complex or your delusion of grandeur. It is nervous tension, the habit of worry. It is your darkest, most debilitating fears, and it's what keeps you afraid, what makes you scared to walk home alone at night. **IT IS THE VERY REASON FOR ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.**

One of Their very most effective tools is **TECHNO-BOREDOM**—what passes for fun among Mediocreins is deadening, false roleplay PAP to a SubGenius. They **BURY** the alternatives. They're also expert at **GUILT MANIPULATION**. A long, long time ago, They invented the labels of "success" and "failure" (as opposed to "good" and "bad") and made them stick. That gets you to sacrifice irrationality. If you don't go along with every trivial request **THEY** make, if you don't try to carry the world on your back, both of which are impossible, you're supposed to feel like you "failed" somehow.

You have a right to be disgusted with **CRAP**—to **LUST** after **BODIES**—to **FLEE** from unwinnable fights.



HOW CAN YOU EVEN BE READING THIS?

IF YOU'RE A HUMAN, YOU'VE READ TOO FAR. THROW THIS MAGAZINE AWAY! The Conspiracy system burns humans as fuel. SubGeniuses aren't humans. They gum up the works.



DON'T BE A BUSINESS MAN ON A CROSS! "Bob" says we should stand firm and fight for our right to fail instead of forever beating our heads against a brick wall. They set for us. **RELISH YOUR MISTAKES.** We seek Perfect laziness—a perpetual motion lifestyle of work/play.

As long as those Cage Men and Box Dwellers run this planet, its economies and ecologies face certain extinction. We must rise to our rightful places, grip the reins of evolution and, with our Outsider's WarpKnowledge, wrench human culture out of its subliminally programmed mental slumber.

Our One-World Religion is the only sane alternative to Their totalitarian One World Government.

BOB IS NOT A FAN CLUB!

Most people totally misunderstand the term "SubGenius". Look at the word. What does it mean?

It means **NOTHING!** It's utterly ambiguous. All-purpose. It sure as hell doesn't mean "just below genius level". To "Bob" and his mighty friends in The Council of None, one happy idiot is worth far more than ten A-bomb-inventing geniuses. We throw most so-called "geniuses" out. They're too nervous. They take themselves too seriously. They're snide. They do not truly 'know' Slack.

Praise "Bob", there are as many idiot SubGeniuses as "smart" ones. Most prevalent, however, are smart-asses. It isn't brains, but an intuitive anti-Pink, anti-cute **ATTITUDE MUTATION**. The Conspiracy has proved that you can have "high intelligence" but still not be able to think.

SubGeniuses are merely The Chosen People—the class which cannot be classified, those who are different not only from others, but from each other. **IF ANY TWO ARE THE SAME, ONE MUST GO!** We band together only for strength, and only temporarily. The Conspiracy used to **KILL** people who displayed SubGenius traits. Thanks to the countless martyred evo-and-revolution cults that paved the way, nowadays you're merely penalized financially, socially and sexually for weirdness.

Not all SubGeniuses act and look weird. Many must encase their weird thoughts inside a guise of Normalcy just to survive and infiltrate. Why, some of the main Saints of the Church look just as **Pink** as the day they were born.

Remember, a 'SubGenius' isn't a member of any organization. It is a life form. Dobbs Consciousness isn't a philosophy or gameplan—it's the main quality of an entire species that has always been here, but has never needed a name. **THINGS HAVE SIMPLY NEVER BEEN THIS BAD BEFORE.** If we don't start recognizing it, we won't notice when They finally destroy it.



DO PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE STRANGE? DO YOU??

THE ONES TO BE AVOIDED—

—yet the hardest to get rid of—are those who behave as weirdly as possible but are really **insecure closet normals** doing it only for attention from the opposite sex or something equally inconsequential. SubGeniuses are not just the super-cool. **EVEN CHRISTIANS CAN BE SUBGENIUSES**, believe it or not. "Wide-open-minded" sure doesn't mean Punk or New Wave or Liberal; that's all fashion slavery financed by The Conspiracy. The hippies were easy enough to buy. They sold their cultural fringe to the Normals cheap! And soon the Normals will consider us fashionable. That's why we owe no loyalty to Right Wave, New Wing or anyone else. **WE MUST TRANSCEND STYLE THROUGH NONSTOP STYLE METAMORPHOSIS. THE SUB-SUBCULTURE MUST ALWAYS BE ONE STEP BEYOND COOL.**

WHAT IS SLACK?

Man was born with original Slack, yet most civilized peoples don't believe in it, and their most learned scholars can't even comprehend it. That is why the Idiot is closer to the Divine, why "Bob" is adulated for his Follies rather than his skills. If you do not believe in Slack, it will not make itself available to you.

Slack is the Aladdin's Lamp that opens the other five senses. It is the yardstick by which we should measure ourselves. It is the only good reason to get out of bed in the morning, and if you don't believe that, you are surely lost in *Perdition*.

THE SLACK THAT CAN BE DESCRIBED IS NOT TRUE SLACK!

Slack, in its cosmic sense, is that which remains when all that is not Slack is taken away. But Slack is a trickster. It is unknowable, ineffable, unsearchable . . . hidden in revelation. **Slack is neither created nor destroyed.** If you don't have it, it's somewhere it shouldn't be! Abstract until incomprehensibility, it is the definitionless, insubstantial substance of the All—the *ISness of the BiZness*.

For up-to-date information on The Church of The Subgenius, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

**THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION
P.O. BOX 140306, DALLAS, TEXAS 75214**

We welcome contributions of any kind: letters, artwork, photos, clippings, articles, sin materials, artifacts, money, sacrifices, tapes and all other shreds of humanity. **NOT TAX DEDUCTIBLE.** We would rather not hear from Mediocreins, Pinks, Glorps or False Prophets.

S MUST HAVE SLACK!!



YES!

YOUR KIND SHALL TRIUMPH!

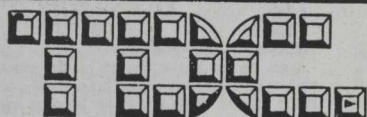
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than the both
of us
dear!

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LOCAL MOTION

Since next month's Local Motion is going to be a big year-end wrap-up, this one's going to try to be short. In the meantime, if anyone wants to tell me what they think's worth mentioning (for the year or any time, about local music or whatever), I'm always looking for stuff to pass on. So write to Local Motion c/o **Discorder** and do it soon, because our deadline is *incredibly* early.

November's *Shindig* semi-finals ended with the **Four Ones** (disputed) winners over **Tippy A-Go-Go** and the **Humane Drum Society** and **Big Can of Dog Food**. They'll go on to meet the other two semis victors in the finals December 14. As for the "disputed" part, controversy's raging within and without CTR about the **Four Ones**' victory over **Tippy** – not surprising when you consider the huge variety of music that gets lumped together under that word "alternative". I was at the finals two years ago when some friends of **Death Sentence** got a little upset that they didn't win (which led to the Savoy's no-hardcore policy).

The other semi-finalists so far, **The Rainwalkers**, have suffered a bit of a setback:

Their drummer was in an ugly car accident and will have to play the finals with his back in a brace. Get better soon, Brian, and meanwhile, send that new demo out to the station!

And the band that won last year's *Shindig* (coincidentally enough, narrowly knocking out **The Rainwalkers** – then **The Void** – in their first round) **Stubborn Blood** has just lost guitarist Dan Danger. Peter Curtis has been doing solo gigs, but the band has *not* broken up – there's a 4-song EP in the works and they're looking for a new guitarist so they can play live as a band again (Also available now: band teeshirts!)

My favourite demo this month comes from **Ogre**. As of press time, I haven't been able to decide which songs to playlist, because they're all pretty great. They recorded seven songs in twelve hours, and, as the note says, they "left in all the mistakes for your listening pleasure."

Even if I'd never seen or heard them before (or even **Slow**, whence sprang Hamm and Terry) the song titles might have been enough to win over my heart. But I have seen them, a couple of times. The first time, at Channel 1, must have been one of the first

times they played together (just a few weeks earlier, at a party, Hamm and Terry asked me – joking, I'm pretty sure – if I wanted to sing for them). Hamm and the two guitarists set themselves up in **Status Quo** poses (the former nearly smashing his head on the ceiling) while Terry and the other drummer thrashed loud and mindlessly and the singer screamed stuff like "Bowling with Satan!" They were all in Spandex or something like it (this was before Hamm's famous fake fur breech-cloth) and left the audience more or less in shock, with their ears bleeding. The band was almost as loud as **Redd Kross** and the **Butthole Surfers** (gods! gods!) were just this past month; and considerably louder than the football stadium **U2** show. What can I say? I loved them. And I still do, listening to this tape where almost every line of the lyrics is a gem (especially? in *Fetch the Archbishop*), and the frenetic heavy timeless drumming competes with the noodliest guitar solos you've ever heard (and liked, or laughed at). As long as **Ogre** don't take themselves seriously, I'll be crazy about them. And if for some reason you haven't seen them yet . . .

Janis



Intense
Intense
we are breaking down the fence
Intense
athon
It went on and on and on

well I walked through a maze
I was in a kind of daze
a beat
a beat
that would sweep you off yer feet
it was Tippy
the man
and the beat was his plan

moving pictures on the wall
and my brain was getting tall
the words were twisting my mind
I was no longer blind
they were singin'
and swingin'
and watchin'
and grinnin'

I was Sentenced to Death
and it left me outa breath
I was ~~st~~ammed
and rammed
and rolled
and jammed

they yelled NOMEANSNO
and my Brain was gonna blow
but instead it was Eaten
by a TV set secretion

Jill
was
painting
while I
was
fainting

there was so much to happen
that my brain
it was a snappin'

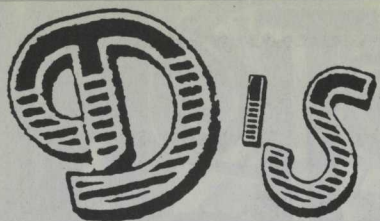
I was stumped
and thumped
and thrown
and bumped



D.O.A. D.O.A.
WE
ARE
D
O
A

and that's all I have to say

M.



The belief was, what the hell? Sure they're huge, but there might be a chance. If the questions are good – provocative perhaps – they might just see us as a breath of fresh air, a challenge. They might just remember that last time they came to town (1983), they had some time for us; and the time before as well, of course (sure CFOX presented the show, but that was just hype. CITR was the only station in town that had a clue of what they were about).

But, of course, it doesn't work that way. Roundabout the time we faxed the questions off, we heard about the Press Conference in Toronto, the only direct media contact they'd be having for the entire tour. We were naive. U2 aren't huge. They're **HUGE!!!** They're not "As Big As The Beatles," they're "As Big As U2." Beatlemania is history. The U2 thing is current. They're a significant chunk of what "is" these weird days, like Oliver North, like AIDS, like the dissolving ozone and Ronald Reagan's dissolving brain. Maybe it's the end of rock 'n roll. Maybe it's the end of the world. One thing is sure, we weren't going to get an interview. So here's a couple of the questions anyway:

1. In a very real way, you've had to grow up in public, and, no doubt, you've made a few widely quoted claims which you've since lived to regret in one way or another. Could this apply to the publicizing of your Christian faith? Do you think that perhaps you could have accomplished more (in a subversive sense) were this kept quiet? In other words, where would U2 be now if they'd never done an interview?

2. Do you sometimes worry that as hugely successful Rock Stars! you have too much power, that the nature of the Rock 'n Roll machine is to elevate a handful of successful individuals to God-like status? Are you not perpetuating this contradiction by playing huge fifty, sixty, seventy thousand seat stadiums where the possibility of real intimacy/successful communication with even ten percent of those present just doesn't exist?

3. In a recent Rolling Stone interview, Bono regretted the tendency of (some) fans to lavish more praise and adulation on the individuals in the band, than on the music itself. Yet, ever since *The Unforgettable Fire*, virtually every U2 album cover, promotional graphic, calendar and the like has featured as its prominent focus, photographs of the individual band members. Is this not a contradiction?



A 16-second interview with Dave Gregg

Who are you: Dave Gregg of DOA.

What does your dad do: He plays drums, builds boats and scrolls DOA graffiti on the washroom walls of B.C. Ferries.

What's Chuck Biscuits doing: He's drumming a few tracks for RUN-DMC's new album.

What's your favourite type of soap: Isotope Soap on the Let Them Eat Jellybeans Ip.

4. To what degree does your successful involvement in Show Business satisfy personal desires for fame and power? You said some years ago in Rolling Stone (1981) that someday you'd be as big as the Beatles. Has this been a worthwhile goal?

"There's a lot of tension between the band and U2. Not with me really, but there's a couple of the other band members who really *loathe* U2. The thing that really bugs us about them is people saying, 'U2 are the saviours of rock, and they're the new spokesmen for Ireland', and I defy anyone to find something that they've actually said about Ireland. All they've ever said is like, 'Everyone be peaceful!' Well, a two-year-old could say that. The fact of the matter is, there's some really serious shit going down up there and it's been ignored for so long. What we're trying to do is just say, 'Look, there is something going on up there. Maybe you should read about it,' and U2 is saying, 'Oh, everything's fine. Just be peaceful, because we're making so much money.' I don't like the hypocrisy. And also Bono taking people on tours of Dublin saying I grew up here in Balamena (?) which is just a total ghetto; and as a matter of fact, he didn't grow up there. They're all middle class boys who've just coasted through life."

(Steve Mack of *That Petrol Emotion*)

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Darklands

The Reid brothers, so prolific in their synthesis of feedback and distortion, have discovered the benefits of melodies and disillusionment on their new LP. The result is that their blanket of noise has been moved into the background, and instead of singing about psychocandy and Cindy they now sing about rainy days and being dragged down to Hell. So if you are part of the sinful masses who have obtained a one-way ticket to Hell, pick up a copy of this great album to make your trip and your stay in the fiery pits more enjoyable.

Chris Buchanan

CRIMINAL ELEMENT ORCHESTRA

Put the Needle to the Record
Cooltempo, UK/Criminal Records, US

Stretch your under-used surrealist imagination into sensing what it would be like to be an organic drum kit. Then imagine your breathing, heartbeat, thoughts, functions and reactions being masterminded by the most ferocious of skin-beaters who throbs, strokes, beats, thrashes and crashes all your senses into one infectiously inflammatory and maliciously chunky bonzai beat. Now picture (with your ears) little time-altered midgets and giants dancing about your sense of reality; and horns, and Prince's guitar, and even Jodi Whitley added for surrealisms sake. Then the beat just goes on...and...on... By now you are so much a part of it, you become it; as a drum kit becomes the beat, so do you. And then you say shut-up.

Robert Shea



ALEX CHILTON
High Priest
PUBLIC IMAGE LTD
Happy?

Lydon and Alex Chilton are two heavy-duty dudes. Genuine rock legends. Probably poor roommates. The problem with their status is that it can't help but taint the way we listen to their work. You have to make a conscious effort to listen with a fresh ear. That said, only Hilton's *High Priest* is a surprise, being so unassuming and friendly it disassociates itself from his chaotic past. As for the other -who's that chap with the bullhorn? It's John Lydon, unfortunately, and is he dour! As usual, he rants. Rants and rant and rants. The kicker is that he provides no tangible, factual, or coherent reason for why he's upset, no inspirational words to arm yourself with while imbibing at the Rose & Thorne across the table from three or four beer-bolstered floor traders. Face it. Lydon's lyrics, while often quite clever, are dogmatic.



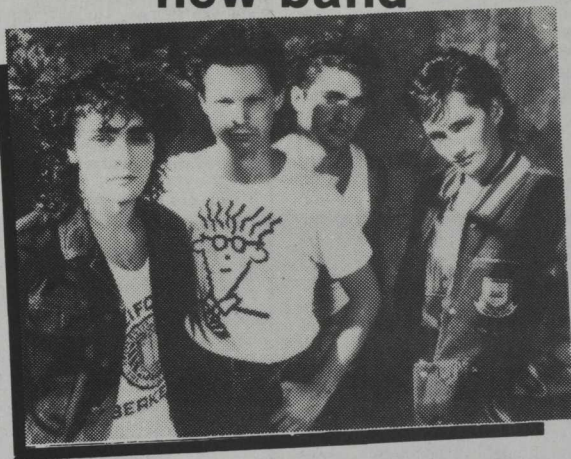
His music, although unavoidably intense, is too muddled to hold your attention. Worst of all, his "dance-oriented" rhythms are so mechanical they won't seduce any body who's not a slave to clubland volume and the girl in the long black coat over there by the pillar. No, the far pillar. What? Can't hear you...sounds like he's using a bullhorn...hahaha...say, would you like to come home and listen to my new Alex Chilton record...well, more mood music, actually...And that is how Alex Chilton sounds in a hammock. It comes across as an acknowledgement of the music he made as a lad in Memphis, with horns quoting *In the Midnight Hour*; limpid, liquid, Elmore James blues, shuffling, shambling instrumentals, and so on. It's not worth picking on, because it won't retaliate anyway. This record will not come out and play! And I admit, it's frustrating!! Happy?? Perhaps what Alex needs is house bully Lydon to come scratching at his screen door one evening like the ancient preacher in *Poltergeist II* ("Time to die, Chilton..."), hustle his ass out of the basement, and make a blood pact to tour the local teen hops and grad blowouts as the greatest garage band of all time. A meeting of minds. After all, isn't that why groups are formed?

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JOHN TRUDELL/ JESSE ED DAVIS

AKA Graffiti Man

Heart Jump Bouquet

The Peace Company

These two tape-only releases are from the American Indian duo of poet John Trudell and guitarist Jesse Ed Davis. They're independent releases so you won't find them in the stores which is truly unfortunate. This stuff really should be heard. As accompanied by Davis' Graffiti Band, Trudell's poetry offers one of the most cogent and philosophical views of American culture since Bob Dylan in the '60s. 1986's **AKA Graffiti Man**, the more political of the releases deals with

cultural...personal and economic themes. *Baby Boom Che* is an incisive piece of cultural criticism which credits Elvis for waking up his generation, while *Rich Man's War* dissects America's present problems and then offers a few possible solutions.

Heart Jump Bouquet, released this year, focuses exclusively on personal relationships with women. Trudell's romanticism is pure and fresh without being therapeutic. The Graffiti Band is stronger on this one, effectively complementing the poetry's nuance and accent. Keep your eyes open for these two men. For more info write to: *The Peace Company*, 7095 Hollywood Blvd., #104-432, Hollywood, CA. 90028.

Mark Quail

NUMB

Blue Light

Burning Records

Can you say the grim side of modern? Industrial grunge. The kerrang! of heavy steel, the digital rhythms of machine intelligence. But wait. There're melodies slinking around in the mix (hints of them anyway), and the odd human voice. Call it singing. *The Hanging Key* in particular really goes places. Film music which comes with the benefit of not having any specific images tied to it (yet!). For what it's worth, the slower, more expansive arrangements do more for me than the upbeat neo-danceable parts, though given a live situation, I might reverse that statement. And these guys do play live. And they're local. Support them. Be entertained. Vancouver can be more than just rock'n'roll heaven. *Cassette Only*, **Burning Records**. #606-1021 Harwood Street, Vancouver B.C. V6E 3N3.

Bill Mullan

LAST EXIT

The Noise of Trouble/

Live in Tokyo

Enemy Records

Jaco Pastorius (R.I.P.) once coined the term "Punk Jazz" which would seem quite apropos for Last Exit's Music. Angry, loud and quite often at a frantic pace, these avant garde improvisers — bassist Bill Laswell, guitarist Sonny Sharrock, bass saxophonist Peter Brotzman, and drummer/vocalist Ronald Shannon Jackson — get together to kick, beat, scream and wail up a wall of sonic trouble to please most free jazz/noise fans. When it works, it's a kick to the head. When it doesn't though, it's simply in trouble. **Live in Tokyo** hits sometimes, misses others, but it's still very much worth the listen. Better yet, check out last year's self-titled debut.

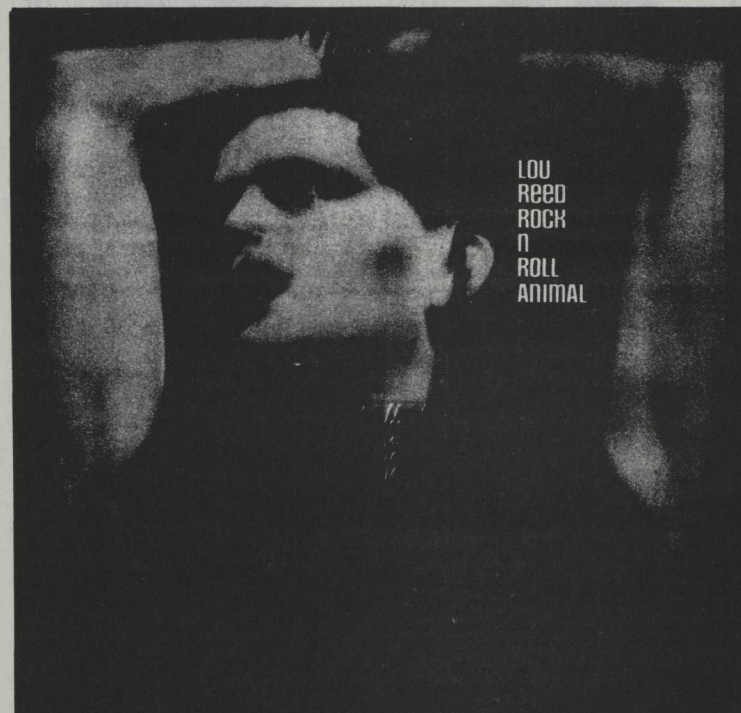
Paul Clarke

RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT

Bowling for Appliances

Remember Lynyrd Skynyrd? Joe Newman of the **Rudy Schwartz Project** does, and on this latest cassette he transcends the bounds of 'good taste' and exhumes the bodies for public display. The band responsible for classics such as *People Are Scum* and *Xmas Time's for Assholes* has again proven that Austin is NOT a hotbed of sappy-assed guitar (True Believers) and/or demented drug-crazed cross-dressers (But-tholes), but in fact, the centre of a storm of political and moral awareness that spreads its message via humour and musical experimentation. Sacrosanct institutions and personalities of our TV culture are targets for **RSP's** sarcastic polkas, raps, and rock. Check out this unique tape if you still have a sense of humour and appreciate the cultural contributions of Ernest Borgnine. *Contact: Joe Newman, 5404 Ave. F, Austin, Texas 78751.*

Travis B



*When the smack begins to flow
Then I really don't care anymore
About all you Jim-Jims in this town
And everybody putting everybody else down
And all the politicians making crazy sounds
And all the dead bodies piled up in mounds

1

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Travis B

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Travis B

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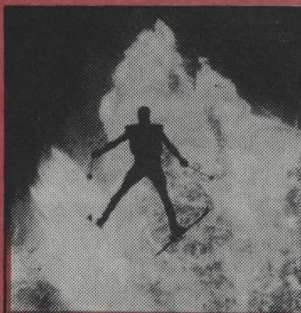
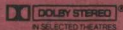
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NARRATED BY **JOHN DENVER**

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•Big Black
•Chris and Cosey
•Ramones
•Alien Sex Fiend
•Tom Waits
•Pussy Galore
•R.E.M.
•Meredith Monk
•Sun City Girls
•DAF
•Rare Air
•Faith No More
•Bo Deans
•Alex Chilton
•Various Artists
•Cabaret Voltaire
•Ice T
•Lime Spiders
•Echo & The Bunnymen
•Najma
•Ministry
•Cannon Heath Down
•Redd Kross
•Bob's Your Uncle
•That Petrol Emotion
•Dub Syndicate
•Foetus All-Nude Revue
•Skin
•Sonny Sharrock
•Various Artists
•Einsturzende Neubauten
•Age of Chance
•Various Artists
•Guadalcanal Diary
•Skinny Puppy
•Love and Rockets
•Go-Betweens
•Art of Noise
•Zodiac Mindwarp
•Throwing Muses
•Dead Milkmen
•Bleached Black
•Motorhead
•Bodines
•Criminal Element Orchestra
•Single Gun Theory

TITLE LABEL

This Is Stranger Than Love Mute
Strangeways, Here We Come WEA
Show Me WEA
Psonic Psunspot Virgin
Code Capitol
Island Paradise WOB
Pump Up the Volume 4AD
Lovesick Blues Polygram
Snack Attack Polygram
Happy? Virgin
Songs About Fucking Blast First
Exotika Nettwerk
Halfway to Sanity WEA
Here Cum Germs Plague/Anagram
Frank's Wild Years Island
Right Now! Product Inc.
Document No. 5 I.R.S.
Do You Be ECM
Horse Cock Phepner Placebo
The Gun BMG
Hard to Beat Green Linnet
Chinese Arithmetic Slash
Outside Looking In WEA
High Priest New Rose
Project One Product Corps
Here To Go Capitol
Rhyme Pays WEA
The Cave Comes Alive Virgin
Echo & The Bunnymen WEA
Qareeb Triple Earth
Halloween Remix Wax Trax!
Heart Throb Companion Bongo Sunrise
Neurotika Polygram
Bob's Your Uncle Criminal
Babble Polygram
Night Train Contempo
Bedrock Some Bizarre
Girl: Come Out Product Inc.
Guitar Enemy
Potatoes Ralph
Fuenf Auf Der Nach... Torso
One Thousand Years... Virgin
Geyser Enigma
2 x 4 WEA
Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate Nettwerk/Capitol
Earth Sun Moon Polygram
Tallulah Polygram
In No Sense? Nonsense! MCA
High Priest of Love Polygram
The Fat Skier WEA
Bucky Fellini Enigma
Bleached Black Relativity
Rock 'n' Roll A&M
Played BMG UK
Put the Needle... Cooltempo
Exorcise This Wasteland ????

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WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

RANDOM DESIGNS

7:30-10:00 am

"Can you catch exploding bunnies from hell? What do you do with them once you catch them? Do you care?" A show for apathetic fur-bearing humanoids. Join Melissa for your weekly dose of superficiality.

SOUP OF THE DAY

11:00 am-1:00 pm

One can never be sure of what's a-stirring in the pot of 'Captain K'—but if you're daring enough to partake, you might find it quite palatable—and if not, the Captain doesn't adhere strictly to the "too many kooks" theory. ...Head Kook: Kevin Williams—and sometimes specially imported chef from Kimberly, Lupus Yonderboy.

DOG'S BREAKFAST

1:00-3:00 pm

Each time you open the box something different comes out. Could be Jazz, hardcore, country, metal, rare oldies or even schlock. Your guess is as good as mine! Frank Sivertz hosts.

CRAPSHOOT

5:30-6:00 pm

MORE DINOSAURS

8:00-9:00 pm

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

07 Dec. "Renaissance" is the title of Branford Marsalis' latest. Wynton's older (by one year) brother does his best record so far. With Kenny Kirkland, Herbie Hancock (acoustic piano), Tony Williams (drums) and others. A fine showcase for Branford's talent on soprano and tenor saxophones.

14 Dec. "The Gerry Mulligan Quartet in Paris."

One of the most popular groups of the fifties with Mulligan (baritone saxophone) and Bob Brookmeyer (valve trombone) play at their most inspired...before a huge French audience.

21 Dec. "To Bird With Love" a great tribute to Charlie Parker by a relatively young man who has taken a long-neglected horn in Jazz...the clarinet, and turned it into his unique voice. THE answer to "What happened to the clarinet?"...Eddie Daniels...recorded in 1987.

27 Dec. The late Red Garland, although not an innovator in jazz, was one of its leading piano stylists. Red's music is the perfect antidote for post-Christmas blues (or blahs). Mr. "Bright and Breezy" wends his way through standards and blues from various albums with Paul Chambers (bass) and Art Taylor (drums.)

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30-4:00 am

Ever tasted blood?... Ever run your hand through warm guts?... Well I have... don't feel like nothin'.

26 DISORDER

TUESDAYS

PEST CONTROL

11:00-1:00 pm

Welcome to the Roach Motel. I'm Jerome Broadway, the caretaker. Don't mind those ugly, multi-legged hairy creatures crawling up your leg. They're just Mother's pests. Igor! Crank up the music!

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00-3:00 pm

Every Tuesday, music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to.

THE ORAL DAVE RADIO SHOW

3:00-5:00 pm

—There are no quick and easy answers—

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30-8:00 pm

My limp body was covered with the excrement of a thousands dogs—my brain had been soaked in the urine from 100 pus-infested penises—my toenails had been peeled off and paint stripper brushed on the naked flesh—my nostrils had been stuffed with decaying flesh—my ears had been plugged with the sounds of screeching pigs—at last I had become an American—true, strong and FREE.

STUFF

8:00-9:30 pm

Julia and Lisa do a show called Stuff. It's poetry with a post-modern bent.

AURAL TENTACLES

Midnight-4:00 am

WEDNESDAYS

THE CLASSICAL SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

A variety of musical styles ranging from the early Medieval to the 20th Century. All styles will be discussed with historical importance. Requests taken. Hosted by Wolfgang J. Ehebold.

*PAULA TAKES LIBERTIES

1:00-5:00 pm

It's the middle of the day—you wish it was midnight—you wish you were high—well, so do I.

THE LION'S DEN

5:15-5:30 pm

Neil Davis will interview players, coaches and special guests on The Lion's Den. There will also be a trivia contest, the prizes being gift certificates for the Fogg 'n Suds Restaurant.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

Midnight-4:00 am

Sick and tired of all this punk, new wave, underground bullshit? Elevator music is where it's at... Travis B. lights up your life and plays the best Montovani and Muzak.

THURSDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30-10:00 am

Ever feel like you've slept-in 24 hours too long? Maybe this Killpigge fellow inhabits his own time zone, or universe for that matter.

FINE LINES

10:00-11:00 am

STACY'S SHOW

1:00-3:00 pm

What will happen will happen!

GREEK WEEKLY REPORT

5:15-5:30 pm

Brothers Pi, Gamma and Delta will be bringing you all the information on what is happening inside the Greek Society at UBC. Everything from sports & social information to the Greek tune of the week, as well as the Greek personal columns will be heard each week.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30-8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in. Turn on. Drop out.

THE CAN-CON JOB

9:00-11:00 pm

Two hours of current Canadian acts with a marked propensity to play local bands. Hosted by Deded the Dedhed.

EXHIBITIONISM

Midnight-3:30 am

"Sarcasm is the root of all evil."

(Langley Strood)

Campus Stylus: Matt Richards.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

The re-emergence of New Souls. Sacred Dates, Times, Points in History. Overthrowing history. Plus what's going on in Vancouver.

04 Dec. Newerks and the context of Grace-land: Time, Space, Energy. Profile:

The making of a Ballet with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet (The Nutcracker). Plus: New Folk music, City calendar.

11 Dec. Focus on AIDS: interview with Bob Tivey and others involved.

Rita McNeill — music.

18 Dec. Christmas Theatre Profile.

25 Dec. Celebrating both Dark and Light; a focus on significant events of 1987, and looking forward to 1988.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

04 Dec. Yet to come.

11 Dec. An introduction to Ron Blake's "Third Stream Music."

18 Dec. Touchstone Theatre is interpreting the work of Bertolt Brecht. So will we.

25 Dec. Christmas tales from Windham Hill.



FM 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT						
9:00	RANDOM DESIGNS	THE JENNIFER CHAN SHOW	THE CLASSICAL SHOW	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00			TNT COMEDY SHOW	FINE LINES	TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
11:00			TBA	TBA	Joanna Graystone		
12:00	SOUP OF THE DAY	PEST CONTROL					
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER						
2:00	DOG'S BREAKFAST	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	THE	STACEY'S SHOW	EXPO '66	POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
3:00					NARDWUAR		
4:00	TBA	ORAL DAVE	P.T.L. SHOW*	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche	WE BE BOTANISTS	BLUES CITY SHAKE DOWN
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						
6:00					CRAPSHOOT	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
7:00	WAYNE COX'S BRAIN	RECTAL RECTITUDE	KATHY DAY	THE VINYL FRONTIER	INTERFERENCE		
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	STUFF	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS			THE MEAN TIME
9:00	THE JAZZ SHOW	JUST SAY NO!	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	THE CAN-CON JOB	CRACK RHYTHM		
10:00				MEL BREWER PRESENTS			
11:00							NOCTURNES
12:00							
1:00							
2:00	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES	TBA	EXHIBITIONISM	LOUIS LOUIS	TUNES 'R' US	LIFE AFTER BED
3:00							FLOYD'S CORNER
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS		SATURDAY REPORTS		SUNDAY REPORTS	
8:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS	Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS	10:00	VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
10:00	NEWSBRIEF	6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE	Noon	NEWS
1:00	NEWSBREAK			6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE
3:00	NEWSBRIEF			6:30	THE WAY WE SEE IT
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS				

EXPO '66

1:00-2:30 pm

MIDTOWN (UPI)—Expo '66 Chairman Dean Paul Kennedy announced a concrete opening date for the world's fair. "We're right on track, everything is go-ahead for opening day, January 1 at 1:00 p.m." Kennedy, son of entertainer/politician Dean Kennedy, is also host of the CTR radio pavilion. "Until the first, stay tuned Fridays at 1:00 for updates. This will be one kick-ass world's fair," added the young swinger.

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS...

2:30-3:00 pm

Amelia Earhart disappeared 50 years ago. 1988 approaches rapidly, but will she return in December of 1987? Will her navigator, Fred Noonan, also return from obscurity? Only you will be able to determine these puzzling questions: Narduar and Cleopatra von Flufflestein have become too exhausted in their search for Amelia. It's up to your ingenuity to save Amelia. Please help her!

18 Dec. What would have been Amelia's 90th birthday. Share this day with Amelia and Narduar.

25 Dec. Continue your search for Amelia, while listening to her favourite bands, The Sonics, Wailers and Galaxies, sing Christmas Carols.

THE WAY WE SEE IT

5:30-6:00 pm

Join the CTR News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details and discusses its implications.

INTERFERENCE

6:00-9:00 pm

Mozart was a Freemason.

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00-midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know. Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

LOUIS LOUIS

Midnight-4 am

60 minute sets—no requests—no apologies.

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00 am-noon

Winter draws on (you're going to need them!) and host Steve Edge continues to present the best in acoustic/roots/folk music on CTR. This is the time of year to reflect on the events of the last 12 months, so there will be lots of highlights of 1987, featuring exclusive live concert footage from gigs at the Rogue Folk Club/Savoy, as well as a personal selection of the year's best albums.

The biggest event in December, of course, is the visit of The Pogues. They are the principal reason for this show ever starting at all, and now at long last, they'll be at The Commodore for the biggest show of the year/decade.

28 DISORDER

Scheduled features include classic British comedy from "Beyond the Fringe," the Cambridge Footlights Show which led to all the major cult comedy shows in the old country (around 9 a.m. every week), the Compleat Monty Python TV shows (serialized at 11:45), The Edge on Soccer at 11:30, with all the latest scores, scorers and match reports from England and Scotland, and The Edge on Folk's weekly feature at 10:00. This month:

05 Dec. Features four concert previews: Prairie Oyster, Washington Squares, Stephen Fearing, and The Pogues.

12 Dec. Valdy is back in town, so what's he been up to?

19 Dec. The Annual Christmas Show. Get The Edge on...

26 Dec. The best of 1987. The Edge's Top 20.

POWER CHORD

Noon-3:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

WE BE BOTANISTS

3:00-6:00 pm

There are certain hazards in having knowledge of taxonomic identification of mushrooms: "I never met a Psilocybe I didn't like. Or consume, for that matter. Uh, could someone help get all these spiders off me?"

—Botanist Grant just prior to treatment.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

THE MEAN TIME flight

6:30-9:00 pm (sometimes)

your step, between guano to please. music of the birds, Watch Paul Funk dodge presents which UBC Lodged by the Thunder paths

NOCTURNES

Approx. 10:15-midnight (after UBC Sports Broadcasts) — otherwise 9:00 pm-midnight

"Anyone with even the briefest exposure to today's commercial music industry can't escape the realization that this is an area which has been completely subverted by Satan..."

—Jimmy Swaggart, Music: The New Pornography 1:3

—Zealous Stylus: Paul C.

TUNES 'R' US

Midnight-4:00 am

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebal.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour: news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

ROCKIN' RELIGION

3:00-3:30 pm

Preachin' Blues, Gospel Rock, Religious R'n'B, Jesus Rock and the Devil's music too. With your hosts, Lochlan Murray and Reverend Rob.

BLUES CITY SHAKEDOWN

3:30-5:00 pm

Delta Blues, Post War Urban Blues, Boogie Blues, Honky Tonk Blues, Rockabilly Blues, Psychedelic Blues, Blues Rock, Punk Blues & even that laid-back Contemporary Blues shit. Hosted by Robert Zepeski or Lochlan Murray.

20 Dec. "It hurts me too," with Rob Z. Elmore James & the Slide Guitar.

27 Dec. Beware of the Dog, with Rob Z. Theodore Roosevelt Taylor AKA Hound Dog Taylor.

SOUL CITY (SOUL GALORE)

5:00-6:00 pm

With your hosts Rob Z. or Lochlan Murray.

06 Dec. Atlantic, Motown & Philly International, with Lochlan Murray.

13 Dec. James (Mr. Soul) Brown, with Lochlan Murray.

20 Dec. Ben E. King, with Rob Z.

27 Dec. Otis Redding, with Rob Z.

JUST LIKE WOMEN/ ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS

6:30-9:00 pm

06 Dec. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Special feature on indigenous peoples in the Soviet Union—self-determination or genocide? Special update on Chernobyl and the Soviet nuclear industry.

13 Dec. JUST LIKE WOMEN: Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

20 Dec. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Join us as we recover the great pagan tradition of celebrating the winter solstice and the imminent return of the sun.

27 Dec. JUST LIKE WOMEN: Interviews, news and music on, by and for women.

PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00 pm-Midnight

"The void beyond the planes where chaos reigns and form abideth not." Abdul Alhazred

Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

FLOYD'S CORNER

2:00 am-Until Jeff fades...

Jeff G. pulls the cowshit from his boots and slings it on the turntable every Sunday night for all you funny-walking, shit-disturbing, cattle-riding winos.

SPORTS PROGRAM NOTES

The Lion's Den — Wed. 5:15 pm

Hosted by Neil Davis. Includes interviews and a trivia contest with prizes.

The Edge on Soccer — Sat. 11:30 am.

British soccer results and exclusive reports on Vancouver's 86ers and the new Canadian Soccer League. Hosted by Steve Edge.

HINDSIGHT

"I had nothing to offer but my confusion."
(Jack Kerouac)

Confusion really isn't such a bad state. You're not alone, you've been there before and enlightenment could be just around the corner. Confusion is universal. Don't be deceived. Unless he's some kind of deistic space alien in human form, anybody who tells you otherwise is full of shit. Even if he is a deistic space alien, he's still probably full of shit. Unless he is God. Hmmm?

"This alien has come from many planets, but on this planet we call Earth, the alien becomes divided. All of us here on earth have created this planet ourselves from our own minds and we hold it together only because we still desire to experience its opposing extremes. When we have finished with it, it is said that Planet Earth will become a sun with its own solar system. Until then, there is one main condition to all of our daily lives: that we should not remember why we are really here." (Daavid Allen)

One of the principal benefits of confusion is the inspiration it offers. It's the way we work (humankind). Throw us an apparent puzzle and we'll try to put it together into some kind of whole. It's the nature of surrealism. Stick a melting clock in the middle of an empty plain, and the brain is challenged to come up with some kind of logical response to what is clearly not a logical image. Clocks don't melt, and what's the empty plain got to do with anything? 'Why, lots actually. It could be symbolic of internal emptiness, The Void, alienation.' And clocks melting? That could be Einstein's theory of relativity. Couldn't it?

Life is surreal. Absurd combinations pop up everywhere you allow yourself to look. Sometimes they're pleasant, like BC Place (there's a huge alien spaceship in the middle of this city, and nobody seems the least bit concerned). Sometimes they're painful, violent, insane. Like war.

"Man is and always has been a maker of gods. It has been the most serious and significant occupation of his sojourn in the world." (John Burroughs)

Life, reality, the big IT. Look at it like you're a passenger on an airplane flying cross-country at night. Sure there's a lot of people down there—say, one for each light you see—but look again. Those lights are just pin-points, occasionally clusters. The only thing that's really abundant is the blackness, the emptiness, the essential.... Is it any wonder we need a god or two?

"We owe our existence to random collisions and explosions which happened many billions of years ago." (Carl Sagan)

"The belief in coincidence is the prevalent

superstition of the modern age of science." (?)

Atheism is just another belief. The belief that there is no God, no immortality. Life just is. You're born, you do some stuff, and then you die. CLICK. The light goes out. No memory. Nothing.

"If there is a God, atheism must seem to Him as less of an insult than religion." (Goncourt)

Ah, yes. Religion. A specific system of belief or worship etc., built around God, a code of ethics, a philosophy of life, etc. (thanks, Webster). Serious business. Big Business. Huge topic. Whose idea was it to do this anyway? This is a music magazine. I spent ten years of my life (ages five through fifteen) going to Church every Sunday. Catholic Church. God's place. He ran it with his son, Jesus, and some third nebulous presence known only as The Holy Spirit. Or so they said. Personally, I was always dubious. Not because the Jesuits beat or raped me (I went to secular Public School). Nor because of the hypocrisy, the pretense, the obvious paganism, the centuries of plunder and inquisition (I was too young to really care). No, it was just dull. BORING!!! If there was a God, and I was pretty sure there was (my parents loved me, I was healthy), He certainly didn't want me to be bored. Not on his account. Bored to death. Bored! Bored! Bored! I kept on hoping some terrorists would bust in and take us all hostage, or the Church would catch fire, or a plane would crash into it.

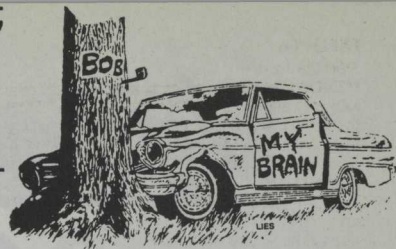
"It is the test of a good religion whether you can joke about it." (Gilbert K Chesterton)

"The total absence of humour from the Bible is one of the most singular things in literature." (Alfred North Whitehead)

It's not that I deny the existence of Christ or even necessarily His alleged divinity. Something significant did happen two thousand years ago. If you have any faith at all in history, you have to believe that. What I wonder about is that Book He theoretically left behind. Who wrote the Bible anyway? Who were Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? What clubs did they belong to? Who edited the Bible? What happened to the Gospel according to Mary Magdalene? Who is The Widow's Son? Isn't Santa an anagram for Satan? Why is U2 so HUGE? How is it that some guy who wears a funny pointed hat can be closer to God than me? And it's not just Christianity either—I just know it best. Show me a religion and I'll show you big holes, ask bigger questions.

"God is always and everywhere." (?)

What if there is a God, and he's a prick, a sadist; heaven's a con, a scam, a big joke? Or what if heaven is nirvana? The righteous go there when they die and it's beautiful and



it's wonderful and it never ends? What happens after? Aren't we all agnostics? Is there anyone who never acts out of faith, out of the belief (perhaps unconscious) that his current selfless sacrifice will somehow pay off big in the long term? Likewise, is there anyone who never makes a selfish, cowardly, ultimately faithless decision? Just because you believe something, believe it to the very soul of your being, that doesn't make it true. No, the truth is out there somewhere, in the darkness, in the light, blowing in the wind. *"There are no nouns on this planet."* (R. Buckminster Fuller)

So what's the point? There is no point. This is not a sermon. Or is it? I wish I knew. God is an overwhelming responsibility. Don't lay it on anybody. You'll drive them insane. And that includes yourself. If He/She/They/It exist, the contact's going to come from inside you. Who needs a church for that? (This is a sermon!)

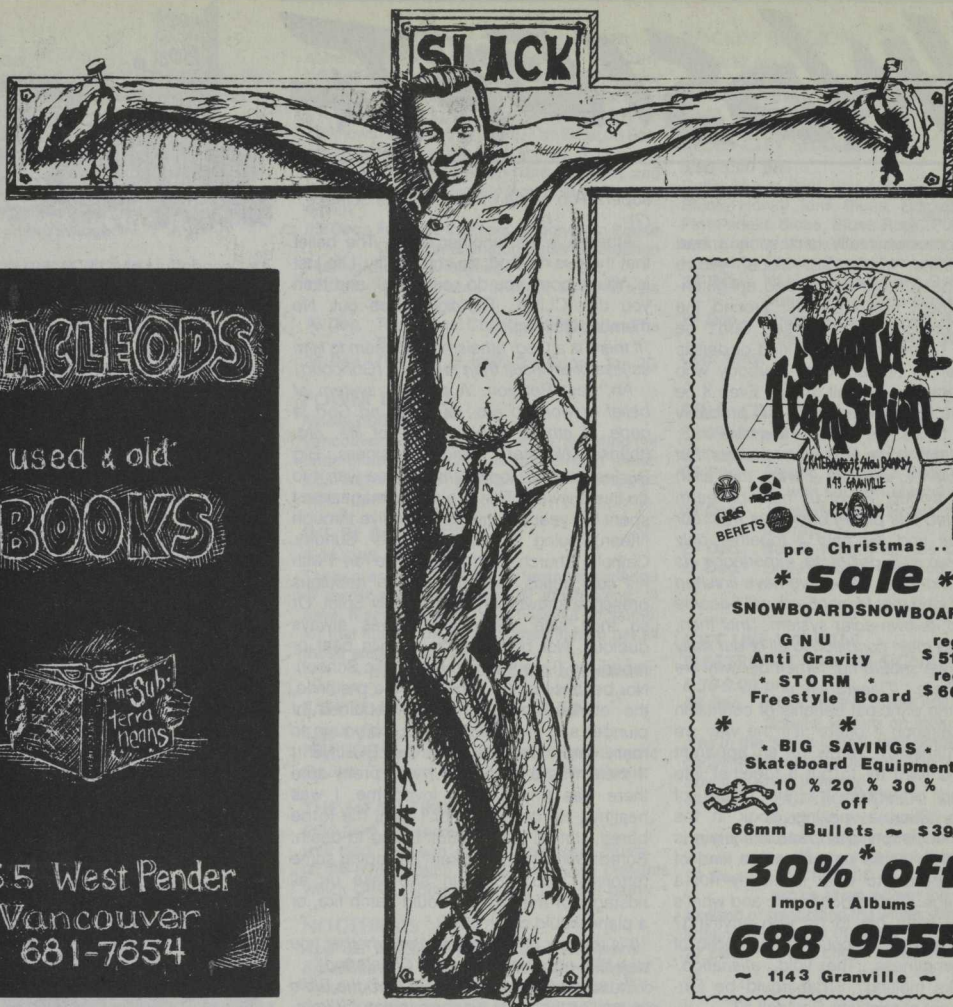
Happy Kringle. Peace on Earth. CTR Loves you. Slack off!

The Editor

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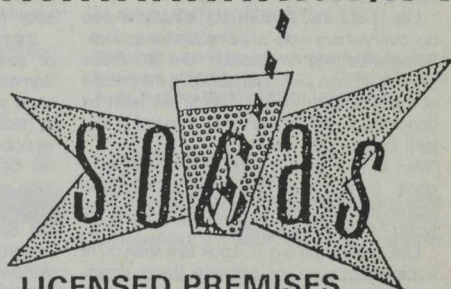
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